

A FUNNY FIDDLER.

What a smart little fellow a cricket must be! For if what they tell us is true, when he seems to be singing he's fiddling instead, which must be much harder to do.

NIGHT AND THE CURTAINS DRAWN.

Fate is called a heartless lady, cruel and cold and pitiless—a Juggernaut who rides down hearts and hopes, unseeing, unfeeling; but sometimes, to us who grope blind in the dark, perverse in our blindness, who stray from the paradise that was ours, she comes, half in anger, as it were, and sets our feet once more toward what we had left behind; sometimes, not often. So she did with me, in kindly scorn of my perversity—set my feet once more toward the light when I would have turned them to outer darkness; and a certain other pair of feet that I am not worthy to kiss.

There were two young people who loved each other too much, who tried their hearts with an over-great passion, set their souls an over-severe task, and there came to them the inevitable wreck; for men and women are but men and women—not gods—very human and frail and faulty, and, adoring over-keenly, they demand too much and forgive not at all.

To us, to Madelon and to me, the inevitable wreck came quickly, for our love had been too great. And made gods, each of the other, and, finding after a little that the gods were but flesh and blood, we would not forgive.

It was a bit over two months from the wedding day when I left The Towers—for we had agreed, nay I had insisted, that Madelon should have the place—and went up to my quarters in town.

I have no wish to dwell upon the next few weeks. They were cruel even to be looked back upon with any calmness. Sometimes I dream that I am returned to them, and wake shivering. There were certain friends who were kind to me, who tried to entertain me—make it easier for me. There was one—the best of all, though I quarreled with him—who told me that I was making an unmitigated and unnecessarily tragic use of myself, and that I had no more sense of humor than a woman (which was true).

But friends could not fill all my hours nor all my thoughts. There were sleepless nights—horrible unspoken, and there were empty, dreary days when I walked always under a strange pall which hung between me and the sunlight, between me and all the life which had used to form my world.

I crossed the channel and loafed about Paris for a week, and I even went down to Nice and to Monte Carlo, but even there the pall hung over me, cold and grey and desolating, and I crept back to London as a sick man creeps back to his chamber of suffering—to my sleeping, horrible unspoken, and my dreary days.

Then Reeves-Davis came up from the country, full of a project for shooting African lions. Would I go along? I looked ahead, shivering a bit, into the sodden perspective of days and nights, each an awful thing. Madness lay that way.

"Yes," said I, "ah yes, I'll go." Sometimes there are accidents in shooting lions. A thousand things might happen.

"Ah, yes," said I, "I'll go." There were matters to be set in shape, arrangements to make against the possibility of one of those accidents. I went about them with a certain eagerness. Everything must be made easy for Her—comfortable and secure. There were directions to be given at The Towers, and a few things of mine to be taken away—such things as I should be carrying with me to Africa. I wrote to Madelon—it took an hour and much waste of paper—asking permission to come down on some day when she was to be absent.

Her answer—the very writing, the turn of phrase, in spite of the careful formality, the faint scent which clung to the grey paper—set me into a curious fever of emotion, set my hands to trembling as I smoothed the sheet.

She had named the day for my coming. She was to be away somewhere and would not return to The Towers till late. I went down in the morning—it was the very day before Reeves-Davis was to sail on the "Dunnotar Castle"—and one of the groomsmen met me at the village station with a trap. It was not a cheerful drive, that familiar two miles, for I was bound upon no cheerful errand, and, moreover, I wondered idly, caring little, if this were the last time I should pass that way. Sometimes there are accidents in shooting lions.

Old Wilkins was waiting for me at the door, and behind him Mrs. Stubbs. Mrs. Stubbs' eyes were red-rimmed. Why, I think my own stung a bit. Wilkins had been a footman in the house when I was born, and Mrs. Stubbs was one of the first to hold me in her arms.

The business upon which I had come detained me longer than I expected. It was nearly three o'clock when Wilkins gave me luncheon in the breakfast-room, and nearly four when I went from the table to take a last look at the old study with its comfortable leather chairs and its crackling fire and its tables and shelves filled with my favorite books.

Madelon had not been often here, it would seem, for the room was unchanged. Pipes and tobacco jars littered the great center table. Books sprawled open, face downward, where I had left them to mark the page.

ped it, wrong it. What if I had been all in the wrong? Had I not asked too much? Had I not been too fiercely exigent of the woman I had set upon a pedestal and worshipped? After all, she was but a woman—the loveliest of them, the queen among them, but a woman. We know, all of us, in a vague fashion, that a woman loves better to be loved than worshipped—kissed and teased and played with than set above a shrine; but it is hard not to set her over the shrine, for a man must idolize something, and the woman he loves—if she is a good woman—wears about her head a visible halo, so far she sits above his coarser clay.

There stood on the hearth-rug, a little to one side of the fire, another great leather chair like that in which I crouched among my shadows. My eyes fell upon it, and I remembered, and a little wave of misery swept over me.

I remembered how I had used to sit there of an evening, late, over the dying fire, and how Madelon had loved to curl up, in some mysterious woman's fashion, on the rug at my feet, resting her beautiful head against my knees. I remembered, and my breath came quicker, the soft touch of her hair, the scent of it when I bent over her, the speakable loveliness of her face in the fire-light—shadows above her cheeks and chin, and over her straight brows.

I remembered the talks we used to have together there, long, rambling, intimate talks, with silences that said more than words, while the fire burned lower and lower, and the grey ash crept over it, and the coals dropped through the bars with a soft rattle till the room grew a little chill, and I, bending lower, took Madelon bodily in my arms and lifted her up to the big chair and to me. Sometimes, I remembered, she would fall asleep, with her cheek in the hollow of my shoulder.

Madelon, Madelon! The thing clutched at my heart gripped and wrung it sorely. This was what I had sacrificed on the altar of a childish anger, of a silly pride. This was what I had given up because my goddess had turned woman. What a goddess to a woman?

I remembered, and my hands shook upon the arms of the leather chair. Oh! I remembered a hundred things—a thousand; exquisite things, too intimate to be written. They thrilled me from head to foot, till I could have wept there in the dusk, like a woman or little child. The floodgates were open wide that I had held so fiercely closed this month past, and the tide came through them in an irresistible, engulfing wave. It would not be beaten back. Wept? Aye, I longed to weep at the rush of memories that flooded me. I think I sobbed, shaking in my great chair.

I had lost all count of time. Trains and duties and all such were gone utterly from my mind. The dusk deepened, but I did not know it. I suppose the piano had been sounding faintly from the music-room for a long time before it made any impression upon my senses. Even then I heard it as in a sort of dream. It meant nothing to me. Some one was playing very softly, slow chords at times, little snatches of old song, but at last the song of Helen Huntington's that she had loved so:

"Night, and the curtains drawn, The household still—"

I think I did not realize even yet that Madelon actually was in the music-room singing. I think that even with her voice in my ears I did not waken to full consciousness, so deep was I in my dream, and so did her song fit into all the rest:

"Close to the dying blaze We sit alone; Naught but the old days lost, All else—our own."

"Far in the corners dim The shadows start; Near to your strength I cling, And near your heart."

"Dearest—the whole world ends, Ends well—in this, Night, and the firelit dark, Your touch, your kiss."

Then, after a few final chords, very low, the piano was still, and there came lagging foot-steps across the polished floor. I took one great shivering breath as she entered the room, and drew back as far as I might into my shadows, though for that there was no need: I was quite hidden in the dusk. She stood a moment before the fire, with one hand stretched out a bit, away from her, so that a pink glow outlined every slim finger. She was in a long, loose house gown of clinging silk that hung from her shoulders in straight folds to the floor. There were wide sleeves of lace which showed half her beautiful arm.

Evidently, she had been some time in the room, for she must have changed frocks. Still, the servants could not have known that I was there. They must have thought me long since gone.

She moved across the darkening room to the high, mullioned windows which look across the lawn to the fir grove and the little lake and the far hills, and she stood there, leaning against the seat which stretches below the windows, and stared out into the red western sky for a long time, very still.

Then, at last, she turned back into the room, singing just over her breath, but not for joy—sadly, ah, to break one's heart!

"Near to your strength I cling," she sang.

"And near your heart."

She tried to go on with the next verse, but her voice shook and broke, and very suddenly she dropped down upon her knees beside the great center table and laid her arms upon it and, hiding her face there, began to weep very bitterly.

For a time I clung to the arms of my chair and set my teeth, but I could not bear it long.

"Madelon!" said I. "Oh, Madelon, Madelon!" That brought her head up with a swift, frightened cry, and she stared through the dusk at my shadowed corner.

"You!" said Madelon in a shivering whisper. "You?" "I, Madelon," I said, and I got to my feet, for she had risen, holding by the great table, and stood there white and stern, looking at me coldly.

"I—thought you had gone," said she. "I believed you had gone long since. I—trusted you to hold to your word."

I meant to, Madelon, I said simply. "I did not think to—to intrude upon you, to stop longer than my—limit. I expect I fell asleep in here, or something like that, and stood for a half hour and—I fell to thinking. It was your song that waked me."

annoy you any—longer," I said, and I turned away toward the door. But Madelon called me back.

"Wait!" said she, and her voice was not hard, but rather gentle and kindly. "There is no train for an hour," she said. "You cannot go now."

"I'll just wait at the station," said I from the doorway. "I must not take advantage of—"

But she called me back once more. "You must wait here," she said. "There is no reason why you should not. We—we have not gone so far that we must be unkind to each other."

Then, for a time, there was an awkward little silence between us. I moved over to the hearth-rug and stood there, pretending to warm my hands, though the heat was almost gone from the embers; and Madelon stood beside the great center-table fingering idly the things which lay upon it, and stealing a glance at me now and then.

It was she who at last broke the silence. "You look very tired," she said gently, "very tired and worn. You have not been—ill?"

"No," said I, "not really ill, just tired, I expect. Just need a bit. I've had no one to—look after me, to make me take care of myself."

"No," said Madelon in a sort of whisper. "No, of course." Then, after a little—"You have been living in town?" she asked.

"Whites," said I. "So long as I could bear it. Mostly I've been roaming about the continent. Tomorrow I start for Africa with Captain Reeves-Davis. We're off to shoot lions, I believe."

Madelon gave a sudden little cry, and her two hands went swiftly to her ears, as if something hurt her there.

"Africa?" she said very low. "That is so far! And—sometimes there are accidents in shooting lions."

"Then, all at once, this fierce hold which I had been keeping upon myself seemed to crumble into bits.

"I tell you," I cried facing her, "I tell you, I can bear this no longer! I am going to Africa because I cannot stop here in England. If I stop I shall go mad. I tell you, I have lived such a month as you could not think of even in an evil dream. I am going to Africa because I want to be as far from everything I have ever known as possible, because I must have something to do, to keep me occupied, or I shall out my throat!"

And I turned away from her again and hid my face upon my arms against the wide mantel.

"Yes," said Madelon gently. "Yes, I know."

"You can't know," said I with my face hidden. "It is impossible that you should know."

"Yes, I know," said Madelon again. "I have thought of cutting my throat, too. I expect I'm not quite cowardly enough to do it, but I have thought of it often."

Wondering, but Madelon went over to the windows and stood there, tapping with her fingers upon the glass.

"We've made, between us, a very sad wreck of our lives, haven't we, Cecil?" she said at last. "I suppose it is common enough, but one never quite believes that one's own grief is common. One always thinks it is greater than that of other people. Ah, yes, we've made a very sad wreck of our lives. I wonder if we need have."

"I wonder," said I.

Madelon sank down upon the broad seat which stretches below the windows, and rested her chin upon her hands.

"Such a wreck!" said she. "And yet we were so happy once." She gave a little low laugh that was sadder than tears.

"Poor, dear child!" she said. "So happy and so foolish—but ah, so dear!" It was as if she were speaking of some one else—quite impersonally. "But they were too serious, Cecil," she went on. "They'd no sense of humor—that will have been because they cared so much—and they made a tragedy out of every frown, every careless word, every forgotten kiss."

She laughed again, but not sadly this time, a tender, half-eggar little laugh, as if her mind dwelt upon something very sweet to her.

"What times they had, though," she murmured, "while it lasted! How heavenly happy they were!"

"Oh, I know!" I groaned. "Don't I know? I've been sitting here for hours thinking of it."

And Madelon nodded.

"Here by the fire," she said in her eager, smiling murmur. "Here by the fire of an evening, or riding together, or putting on the river—oh, a thousand things! This was though, closest, dearest, this sitting by the fire through a whole evening—late into the night." And she broke again into a little snatch of song—her old song—very low, just over her breath:

"Far in the corners dim The shadows start; Near to your strength I cling, And near your heart."

But her voice wavered and broke with the last words, and she rose quickly from the window seat, breathing a bit fast.

"Ah, well!" she said in quite another tone, "that's all done with. We've been very happy together but it couldn't last. We wrecked it some time ago—forever."

"Forever, Madelon?" said I.

She turned toward me swiftly, very wide-eyed, and stared into my face. I think her breathing ceased for a bit.

"What do you mean?" she asked, half whispering. "What do you mean? I don't understand. Forever? Of course, forever. What do you mean?"

"I mean," said I, taking a long breath, "that we're making a silly mess of our two lives, all for a silly bit of pride. I mean that we've been a particularly foolish pair of children. Madelon made a bid so yourself. Must we be foolish always? Ah, I've had my pride shaken to the bottom, and there's no more of it left. I'm not ashamed to own that I've been wrong through the whole thing—all wrong, if you like. God knows I've suffered enough. Couldn't we begin all over again?"

Madelon stood across the hearth-rug, white and shaking, and she caught her hands once more to her heart as if something hurt her there.

"You—mean," she said at last, whispering—"you mean that you still—care? still—care?"

"Care?" said I. "Care? Oh, Madelon! Madelon!" And then Madelon, with a little, low, sobbing cry came to me across the hearth-rug, and laid her face in the hollow of my shoulder where it belonged, and wept. By Justus Miles Forman, in McClure's Magazine.

The Czar's Personality.

From Amanda Kussner Couderc's "The Human Side of the Czar" in the October Century.

The Czarina at once began posing with what seemed to me unusual artistic feeling, and she sat for an hour without a word or a sign of being tired. When I asked if she were not feeling the strain she answered, smiling, that "Anything worth doing at all was worth doing well." Then came the sound of a door opening behind me, and I heard the click of spurs. The Czarina looked up with the sweetest blush and the shyest smile, saying: "The Emperor is coming." There was barely time for me to spring up, with my heart thumping, when I saw Nicholas II. It was hard to realize that this was the Great White Czar, the ruler of the greatest empire, he seemed so young, so slight, so gentle and so simple.

He held out his hand just as kindly and simply as the Empress had done, and he also spoke in perfect English, asking how the miniature was coming on. Indeed, I was already beginning to know that English is spoken exclusively by the Russian royal family in their private life. This would not be singular were the Empress herself were concerned, since she is virtually an English-woman, and has spent years in England; but I recall hearing the Grand Duchess Helena, the daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir, since become the Princess Nicholas of Greece, say that she could not remember ever speaking anything but English to her father. And this exclusive use of English in their private life may account for the fact that among themselves they always say "Emperor" and "Empress" instead of "Czar" and "Czarina."

At all events, I never heard any members of the royal family use the Russian title, and before long the Czar and the Czarina were the Emperor and Empress to me also.

I wish it were in my power to tell exactly what I felt and thought at this first sudden and totally unexpected sight of the Emperor. There was something in his appearance that caused quite a lightning in my throat and a queer thumping at my heart. As I have said, he looked young, gentle and slight. He stood quietly and naturally, looking straight at me with steady, clear, kind eyes. There was a sort of winning buoyancy, too, in the quiet dignity of his bearing. Above all, he looked kind, there was kindness in his eyes, in his face, in his voice; kindness in every easy, gentle movement of his slight, youthful figure.

In dwelling upon the Emperor's youthful appearance and gentle bearing, there is no thought of implying any lack of strength. There could hardly be a question of physical bravery in any royal case, since perfect fitness is a part of royal training, and it is inherent in royal blood. But no one could see this young Emperor of the East as I saw him then, without seeing spiritual force in his direct gaze and hearing moral courage in his sincere voice. To my excited imagination he appeared fully aware of the weight of his destiny, and to bearing the awful burden with cheerful serenity, always looking at his great grandeur and without one waver of fear.

The first impression was of course, largely due to my own fancy, but there was no difference in my estimate of the Emperor's personality after he also began sitting for a miniature, and I had a good opportunity to form a deliberate opinion. Sitting face to face with him for two or three hours at a time, I can scarcely have failed to form something like a true estimate of what he really is; for he bore himself without the slightest constraint, and talked quite freely of every topic that came up, precisely as any gentleman would have done under the circumstances. I remember that one of the first things spoken of was our war with Spain, which was just then the theme of the world. It surprised me to see how thoroughly he understood the American feeling, how clearly he saw our point of view, and how familiar he was with the names and careers of every American of note. He very frankly expressed his admiration for our national independence of character and opinion. One memorable thing that he said was: "You Americans never bother about what other nations think." He spoke also of leading American papers, showing familiarity with them; and I learned incidentally that every item in them affecting Russia or the royal family finds its way to his private desk. Knowing this, I have often smiled at the prevailing ignorance of public opinion and even current events. He talked of every subject freely and naturally as to me quite at ease.

DOUGHERTY DEATH ACCIDENTAL.

Long Needle Pierced His Heart When He Embraced Sweetheart.

Scranton, Pa., Nov. 13.—After a day spent in investigating the death of Thomas Dougherty, of Dunmore, who was killed by being pierced in the heart by a hat pin or long needle, the local police and County Detective Phillips decided to withdraw the warrant that had been issued for the arrest of Katie Burke, the girl who was suspected of having feloniously caused his death.

The authorities are of the opinion that they can never break down her story that the wound was accidentally inflicted. She says that she had been mending her brother's clothes with a long needle, used commonly hereabouts in mending miners' heavy outer clothing, and that on going down town in the evening she stuck the pin the bottom of her dress. Dougherty, who had been her sweetheart, hailed her and asked her to take a walk with him. She consented and they repaired to a field, where they sat on a log to talk. After a time he attempted to embrace her and the point of the needle that was in her dress caught in his vest, while the "eye" or blunt end, rested against her corset. In the embrace the needle was forced into his body, through the fifth rib and into the cavity between the pericardium and the heart. Half an inch of the needle was fixed in the rib in such a manner that every time the heart beat the apex of the heart was prodded by the point of the needle. Hemorrhages resulted that caused death.

Coroner Stein, who performed the autopsy, declares that Dougherty must have suffered more agony during the life that he lived than any victim of the most cruel inquisition that history or fiction records. With 70 pulsations to the minute, it is figured, that the heart was prodded no less than 60,000 times. He was conscious 13 of the 15 hours.

STOKES NOT A CANDIDATE.

Governor of New Jersey Not After Seat in United States Senate.

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 12.—Governor Stokes gave out a statement in which he denies he is a candidate for United States senator to succeed John F. Dryden, whose successor will be elected at the coming session of the legislature. The governor's statement is prompted by an article printed, giving an account of a conference between Congressman Loudenslager, State Assessor David Baird, State Treasurer Frank O. Briggs and others. This conference was held in the interest of Mr. Dryden's re-election, and in the account of the conference it was stated that the governor was sending out emissaries to members of the legislature if the interest of his own candidacy. The governor denies emphatically that he has directly or indirectly solicited any support. He says he is pursuing now the policy he has followed ever since his election, and that is to refrain from using the office of governor for the advancement of himself to any other political honors.

Reeder—I was reading in the paper about a chauffeur who has an attachment for an auto that makes wonderful speed. Skrober—Of course; every chauffeur has a sincere attachment for an auto that makes wonderful speed.

—When a fellow shaves himself," asked young Kallow, "is it necessary to shave up against the grain?"

"Why should you want to know?" asked Elder. "You'll only have to shave down."

—Papa, what is a work of art?" "Oh, almost anything in the way of a picture or piece of statuary without clothing."

Hard Winter, all Prophets Agree.

The Berks county weather prophets have been getting busy and, if they are weatherwise as they are supposed to be, they look out for an old-fashioned winter.

The original goose-bone man is too sick to make a prediction, but there are various other ways of forecasting weather hereabouts.

One Berks county farmer says:—"My grandfather lived in this valley when it was visited frequently by Indians. The red men were in the habit of saying that when the perimmons trees hung full of fruit they killed many head of buffalo, for then they expected a severe winter and found it convenient to have on hand a good supply of meat. This year we have a remarkably prolific crop of perimmons and you may be sure that the winter will be severe."

Another prophet, a younger man, says:—"Have you noticed that the trunks of trees are green with moss on the side exposed to the north wind? That is always a sure sign of a hard winter."

This is the way another prophet views it:—"Whenever the chickens shed their feathers early the winter is sure to be severe. This was the case this summer."

Another argues as follows:—"When the leaves fall from the fruit trees later than usual the winter will surely be severe."

"I know nothing about your signs," said another man, "but the sign by which I go is the height to which weeds grow in fall. You will notice that they have grown exceedingly tall this season. This is nature's provision for holding the birds with food, for, if the weeds are tall, their heads will extend above the snow and their seeds will supply the birds with nourishment."

"Then again," said another, "do you notice what a ravenous appetite the cattle have this fall? Why, you can scarcely satisfy them. Whenever this is the case there is a hard winter ahead."

"The fur bearing animals tell me whether the winter will be severe or not," said another man. "I have an uncle who annually takes a hunting trip to Maine. He writes that the deer are all clothed in a beautiful gray winter coat. He also says the beavers build their dams early, content their houses with unusual care and are making every preparation for a severe winter and that wild ducks have migrated earlier than usual."

"I don't have to go to Maine to discover what sort of weather we are going to have," said another prophet, contemptuously, when told of the latest prediction. "You just watch the muskrats and notice how high they are making their homes. They must expect high water next spring, when the snow melts. Then see how deep the groundhogs are digging. They evidently expect the earth to be frozen to a great depth."

"Squirrels and chipmunks are my weather indicators," said another. "They have laid by an unusually large store of nuts this fall. I do not recall that I have ever noticed them quite so busy as they have been during the last season. I agree that the winter will be severe, for these little animals know when the season demands that they should lay by a large amount of food for use during the winter."

ADVOCATE BRYAN'S CANDIDACY.

Travelers' Anti-Trust League Will Work For His Nomination.

New York, Nov. 13.—At a meeting of the Commercial Travelers' Anti-Trust League William Hoge, president of the league, in an address, advocated William Jennings Bryan for the next Democratic presidential candidate, and urged the members of the organization to assist in establishing clubs to work in behalf of Mr. Bryan. Harry W. Walker, chairman of the executive committee spoke along the same lines as Mr. Hoge.

It was voted that a committee be appointed to consist of 5000 Democratic commercial travelers, to be known as the "Traveling Committee." It was pointed out that the members on their journeys over the United States will distribute literature and organize Bryan clubs. It was also voted to establish a "record bureau," in which articles attacking the trusts will be kept, to be reprinted in pamphlet form for distribution.

He Blew Out the Gas.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Nov. 10.—John Henry Kels, a well-known and wealthy resident of Pattenburg, this state, missed the last train for his home and went to a local hotel. He retired early and is believed to have blown out the gas. The proprietor of the hotel detected the odor of gas coming from the room occupied by Kels, and when there was no response to his repeated knocks he forced open the door. The lodger was alive, but unconscious, and died in a short time. Kels spent the day in Easton and Phillipsburg attending to business. He was 61 years old and leaves a family.

Confesses Murdering Woman.

Stafford Springs, Conn., Nov. 10.—Charles Bishop, 18 years old, employed on the farm of Henry Williams, has confessed the murder of Mrs. Williams, the farmer's aged wife, whose body was found in a pool of blood in her house, according to a statement made by Coroner F. H. Fisk. Bishop, it is understood, has also confessed to taking money from a trunk in an upper room. It is understood that Bishop has implicated no one else in the affair.

One of Oldest Twins Dead.

Amsterdam, N. Y., Nov. 13.—Jacob Steen died at the home of his granddaughter here in his 91st year. He and his brother, Walter, of Syracuse, who was at his bedside when he passed away, were the oldest twins in the United States. The Steens were born May 19, 1816, in the town of Florida, a few miles from here.

Despondent Woman Tried Suicide.

Bethlehem, Pa., Nov. 12.—Despondent over love affairs, Mabel Miller, a comely young woman of 20 years, attempted suicide by plunging 50 feet from a bridge into the Lehigh river at this place. A boatman rescued the woman from a watery grave.

Will Not Contest Gov. Hoch's Election.

Topeka, Kan., Nov. 13.—Democratic Chairman Ryan conceded the re-election of Governor Hoch by about 1500 plurality. He said: "We will make no contest. We are well satisfied with the result."

\$8,000,000 FOR NEW EQUIPMENT.

Rock Island Railroad Places Large Orders For New Cars.

Chicago, Nov. 13.—The management of the Rock Island railroad, it was announced, has issued orders for new equipment to cost \$8,000,000. This is in addition to orders previously given this year aggregating \$3,000,000. Included in the new equipment are 2000 40-ton box cars, 250 stock cars, 1000 ballast cars, 650 coal cars, 300 flat passenger, postal and baggage cars. All the new passenger cars are to have steel underframe construction, and the new mail cars are to be all steel.

Penny Orders 550 New Cars.

Philadelphia, Nov. 13.—Six hundred steel passenger cars are to be built for the Pennsylvania Railroad company in the next year. Space for 550 cars has been reserved with the American Car & Foundry company, and 50 cars will be constructed at the Altoona shops of the railroad company. The total cost is estimated at \$6,000,000. The order to the American Car & Foundry company will be divided so as to include coaches, baggage, express and mail cars. The company has also ordered 25 new freight engines. These will be built at the company's shops at Altoona.

KILLED BY A BURGLAR.

Son of Wealthy Pittsburg Man Shot to Death By Thief.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 12.—Henry F. Smith, 25 years old, son of Joseph Smith, a prominent and wealthy business man of this city, was shot twice and almost instantly killed by a burglar whom he surprised in the dining room of his father's residence in the East End section of the city.

That a desperate battle took place between Smith and the burglar is evident from the disorder in the dining room and kitchen of the Smith home. In addition to two bullets which were found to have entered Smith's body, five other balls were found lodged in the floors and walls of the two rooms. Three cartridges of Smith's revolver had been discharged. Neighbors adjacent to the Smith home heard the shots and ran to their windows, but say they saw no one running from the house. Hundreds of dollars worth of silver plate had been gathered together by the burglar, who apparently had been in the house some time before being heard by young Smith.

The entire police and detective forces are working on the case, but so far no clue has been discovered.

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